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THE THREE PORTIAS OF PARIS-

How Beauty, Logic and Sarcasm Are Enlivening the Dusty Law Courts of the Gay City and Balking the Male Lawyers of Their Prey



Madame Grunberg, the Most Logical Woman Lawyer in the Courts of Paris.

FEMINISM has taken a sudden and surprising start in France. In this country above all other woman was until lately a plaything living in a doll's house. Now she is taking her share in the affairs of man with a vengeance.

Women lawyers are monopolizing the attention of the Paris courts. Although men lawyers by the hundreds are walking the streets of Paris with nothing to do, these women practitioners have more business than they can attend to. Litigation is becoming popular.

The three leading Portias of Paris are: Mlle. Helene Miropolski, Mlle. Grunberg and Mlle. Galtier. All are attractive, but Mlle. Miropolski, who came from Poland three years ago, is overpoweringly handsome and has an exquisite figure. When she rises in court, dressed in her legal cap and gown, with white muslin bands at the throat, there is a hum of attentive admiration such as no male advocate ever excites.

Recently Mlle. Miropolski made a rather dangerous slip in her pleading which is amusing all Paris, but it has not affected her professional career injuriously.

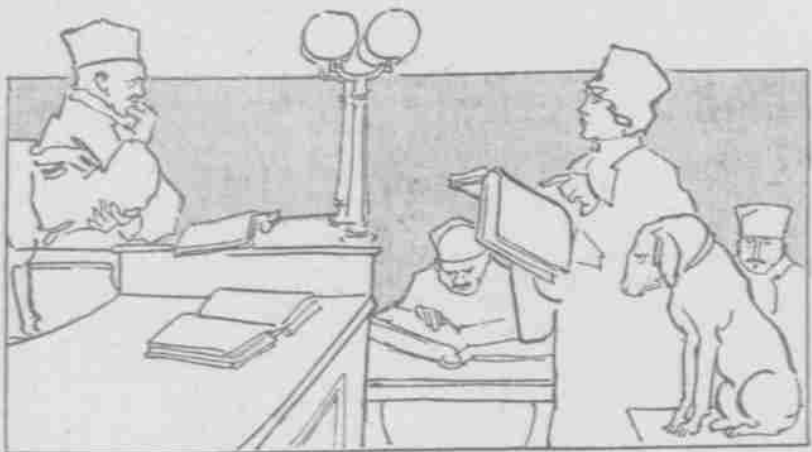
She was defending a white-haired wreck of humanity charged with burglary. Joining her hands together, the beautiful lawyer pleaded with the jury to be merciful to the prisoner.

"Have pity on him, gentlemen," she cried. "He is a poor, doddering old man. He is fifty years old!"

Judge d'Albignac, who was presiding, almost leaped out of his seat with indignation. He happens to be fifty-seven years old.

The beautiful advocate finished her discourse, however, and the prisoner obtained the minimum punishment: practically none.

Since then Femina, the principal woman's paper of Paris, has started a debate on the question: "When is a man really old?" The prize-winning answers must come from women.



"This Dog's Morality is Entirely the Result of His Owner's Teachings," Said Mme. Grunberg.

Mme. Grunberg, a charming widow, though less statuesque than Mlle. Miropolski, is remarkable for the acuteness of her reasoning powers. She was prosecuting a trivial case in which the owner of a dog was sued for the value of a large joint of meat he had stolen. The defendant's lawyer said that the complainant had not taken proper care of his property and that no man could be blamed because a dog had a propensity to steal. That was the nature of the dog.

"On the contrary," said Mme. Grunberg, "I will show that the dog's nature is so docile that he adopts any morality or manners that are taught him. If this dog had a propensity to steal it was the direct result of the neglect or bad teaching of his owner."

The verdict was against the dog. Mlle. Galtier is the third young Portia. She enjoys an enormous practice. Recently she conducted an intricate real estate case with such ability that one of the leading mem-

bers of the bar jumped up and proposed to her in court. The offer was not immediately accepted, but it is believed that the charming lawyer will make her admirer useful in her professional work.

Mlle. Miropolski is distinctly a leader in the woman's movement, apart from her legal work. She makes very interesting addresses on women's rights. She has no patience with the old idea that a woman who is pursuing a serious career should disregard the value of dress or hide the attractions of her sex.

"Fight man with your mind if you must," she says, "but do not throw away the natural weapon of your sex. Be as charming as you can and those who are too stupid to be convinced by our logic may be conquered in other ways."

The day for women to be educated merely to make good wives and housekeepers is past, affirms Mlle. Miropolski. It went, never to return, as soon as women began to strike out for themselves

intellectually. "Often, in an assemblage of women, I am struck by the practical character of what is discussed; in cases where men, especially young men, get tangled up in a network of more or less theoretical ideas, women go straight to the point, without circumlocution. Cannot you—(as I can)—give instances of frivolous young women, who, having become widows all of a sudden,

One of the best ways to get it, she continues, is to take up athletic exercise. This will bring about community of interests among women, by means of which they will be inspired with new ideas which the women of yesterday could not even suspect of existence.

"Finally, that which should contribute most efficaciously to transform the ancient ideas of the education of women is the modern idea that each one of us must develop and strengthen her personality in accordance with her surroundings and traditions," says this lovely young lawyer.

"These heroines speak of 'realizing' themselves; even if their ideal is a trifle confused, it is not lacking in nobility.

"Wiser than they, we of to-day are aware that a strong personality

does not break brusquely with all social prejudices; that among the latter are some that are necessary, and that the only true individualism is that which makes many compromises with the benevolent requirements of one's surroundings."

The other day this interesting

young woman—she is only twenty-three—gave a lecture on love at the Theatre Michel. It was well attended. She analyzed the love of woman as revealed by women writers, quoting from many poems and novels, and then turned her attention to the modern woman's love

as exemplified in legal cases she has tried. She said:

"The woman of to-day, just as much as in savage times, seeks some one who will dominate her. She wants a master and for that reason women love strong men. The athlete captures most hearts, although men with dominating minds also attract femininity. All women seek for the 'irresistible man' who will not let them escape, who commands them, who forces them to do his bidding. Women are glad to be slaves of such men."

She had declared that feminism did not drive women from love and marriage, and that many women who worked as lawyers, as doctors and in other professions did so because love had not come their way.

"It is unfair," said the lecturer, "amid loud applause, 'to consider us incapable of love or of marriage because we work for a living!'"

Mlle. Galtier, the Lawyer Who Received a Proposal of Marriage in Court.

are placed, without warning, face to face with the management of a fortune, and act so ably as to astonish even those who imagined that they knew them well."

Therefore, argues the young Polish lawyer, a practical education for women will not be at variance with their natural character, but will strengthen the practical tendencies. "Innocence is no longer a sufficient ideal for a young girl," declares Mlle. Miropolski, "nowadays she must have the mastery of herself as well."

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He is driven down to the store in his own big touring car by his own chauffeur every morning at 7 o'clock, hurries into his working clothes and is transformed into a porter. When his work is finished at 5 o'clock each evening he leaves the rear door of the store, looking like a tired business man, gets into his car, which has come down to get him, and is driven to his home.

Mr. Massee, who is a young man, clean-shaven, spectacled and looks like a scholarly business man, was rather reticent in talking about himself, but little by little he was drawn out. He said:

"I am a college-bred man and worked my way through a St. Paul, Minn., college. After finishing college I wanted to see the world. In my wanderings I came to St. Louis, and after being here for a while idleness began to bore me, so I decided to go to work. I went to one of my college friends, who is an official of the company for which I now work. This friend of mine was glad to see me, but was just leaving the store to catch a train for a three months' business trip, and could only have time to introduce me to his brother officials. I told them I wanted to go to work, and they gave me the position of head porter. When my friend returned from 'his trip' he was surprised to find me busily engaged in sweeping floors and halls and directing window washing and dusting, but I told him I was content and wished nothing more than to be let alone in my new job."

"I have been in this place for several months, and my employers look upon me as one of the fixtures of the establishment, for I never shirk any of my duties and am as contented with the place and as punctual as the poorest paid of any of the porters."

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not only the beautiful and graceful feet they desire, but strong and healthy ones.

We who earn our living as dancers, if we are properly trained, are never troubled with flat feet, overlapping toes or any of the other deformities which are so common among other women, as well as among men. No foot can be beautiful unless it is kept strong and healthy by proper care and exercise.

How many women in private life give their feet that care and exercise—exercise that strengthens the graceful arch and gives to each individual toe its due share of suppleness and strength?

Outside of dancing, I can think of no exercise better adapted to the purpose than this one of playing marbles with the toes. In the first place, the feet must be bare—which in itself is good for them. Then the absence of high, artificial heels forces one to raise the heels naturally by the muscles and tendons of the calf and ankle, in bearing the weight of the body on the toes and ball of the foot.

In picking up marbles with the toes it is necessary to raise the heel in order to bring the toes into action. Nothing is more strengthening to the arch of the foot than this action of raising the heel and pointing the toes by the means that nature

provided. The healthful stimulation of the arch is much heightened by the lateral movement of the foot and toes in reaching for the marbles to be picked up.

Try it once. In the struggle to grasp firmly with the toes those smooth, round objects you will find yourself dancing about on your toes, accomplishing movements with the feet and ankles and the individual toes that you never imagined possible.

The exciting interest you will feel in the game makes it all the more valuable as an exercise. Probably you will feel quite lame after the first three or four trials, but the lameness will soon disappear, to be replaced by a sense of ease and strength about your lower extremities that you never before experienced—besides the gratification of observing that you are acquiring a really beautiful and graceful pair of "tootsie-wootsies."

Not only in Cincinnati, but in Los Angeles, Cal., besides in many public schools in the East and the West, it appears that physical directors are giving more and more attention to the feet of girl pupils, with the accent on marble-playing with the bare toes as an exercise. And the reports are invariably favorable.

If all public school teachers were trained and encouraged to give particular attention to the feet of young girls, and especially when there is weakness or a tendency to deformity, and would personally conduct them through a daily game of marbles played with the bare feet, such things as broken-down arches and deformed toes would soon be practically unknown.

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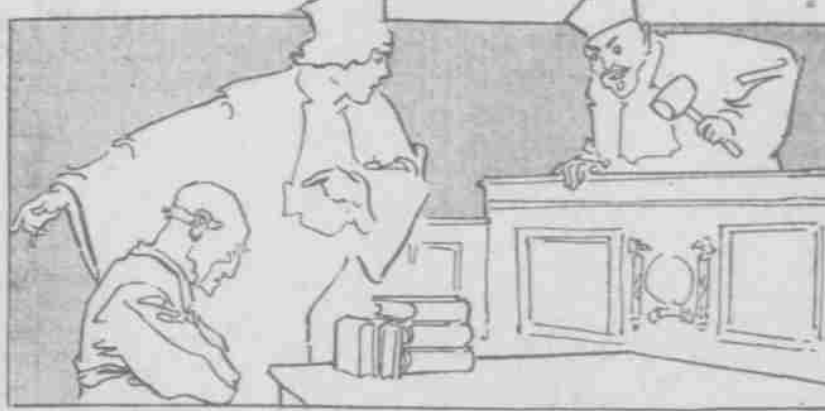
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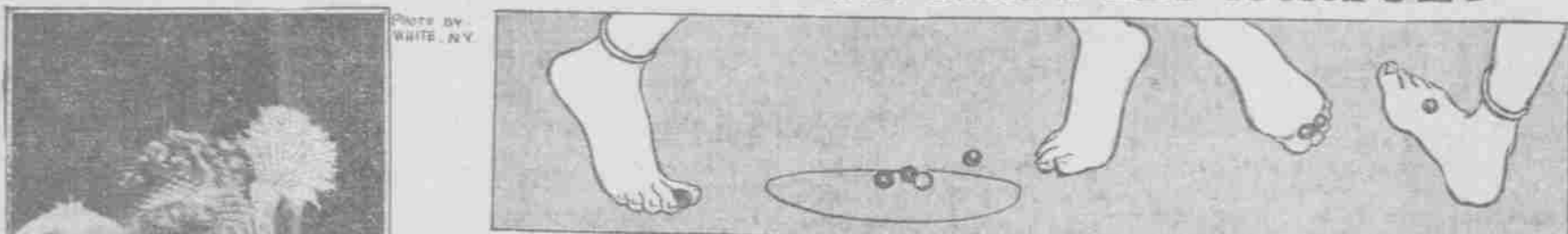
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WANT A PERFECT FOOT? PLAY MARBLES WITH YOUR TOES



By NELLIE M'COY, the Dancer.

THOSE co-eds out in Cincinnati who play marbles with their toes are on the right track—as any professional dancer could tell them. If they keep it up, and wear boots that fit and yet give their toes room, they will acquire

Nellie McCoy, the American Character Dancer, Showing Her Beautiful Feet—and You Can Have a Pair Like 'em if You'll Play Marbles with Your Toes—So She Says.

not only the beautiful and graceful feet they desire, but strong and healthy ones.

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MILLIONAIRE BY NIGHT. PORTER! BY DAY A PORTER!

Keeps His Own Chauffeur at \$18 Per Week

"BECAUSE I believe in work for work's sake, and prefer to work rather than idle my days away, is the reason I am working as a porter. I have always been a worker, and the idleness of the ordinary man of wealth would bore me."

This is the reason given by C. W. Massee, known as the "Millionaire Porter" among his fellow workers, who has travelled all over Europe, is rich and refined and who has a handsome home and a touring car, for working as a "head porter" in a big wholesale millinery store in St. Louis.

He takes occasional trips to Europe, and on his return resumes his brooms and pails.

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